"SITUATION" AND " HELP WANTED "
ADVERTISEMENTS

PRINTED DURING THE LAST 3 MONTHS IN THE WORLD. WERE PRINTED DURING THE SAME PE-RIOD OF 1883.

THE DISPOSITION AND OP-

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1889.

UNSOLVED MURDER

The Killing of Annie Leconey Is Still a Mystery.

One of the Worst Atrocities in the Annals of Modern Crime.

No Certain Evidence That the Prisoner Lingo Is Guilty.

Robbery. Assault and Murder in This Terrible Crime.

Detectives at Merchanstville Still Hunting for New Ciues.

A suspicious quietness hovers about Leconey's farm-house on Church road, a lonely lane two miles from Merchantsville, New Jersey. The men folks are in the south field, a mile away, gathering produce for the

There should be a healthy, handsome young woman, Annie E. Laconey, in the

house attending to her daily duties. Lizzie O'Donnell, the buxom daughter of a neighboring farmer, thinks so as she walks quickly along the old cow-path to borrow a pail of chicken feed. Familiar with the premises, she steps into Farmer Leconey's granary, fills her pail, and then thinks, "I will run in and have a chat with friend Annie before I return home."

She walks to the kitchen door, opens it, glauces in, and then?

The pail of feed drops from her nerveless fingers. She feels her face turn white. Clasping her hands to her eyes to shut out the horrible sight she sees she turns and run-

ning home bursts into the kitchen of her parents home mosning: "Annie Leconey is dead; murdered, I think. She's full of blood, She fainted.

This occured about 7 o'clock last Monday

morning. William Laberry, a farm hand, was in the kitchen, and hurried at once over to the Leconey farmstead.

He knew where the farmer was at work, and without waiting to verify the girl's story he went to the field and alarmed him and his hired man, Garret W. Murray, who was

working with him. The three men then started on a run for

DEAD ON THE EITCHEN FLOOR. They found that Lizzie O'Donnell's story was only too true. Annie Leconey lay dead

on the kitchen floor. The body was just inside a doorway leading from the rear of the house, and was sprawled out between a settee and the stove. Her head with the long, beautiful hair sweeping out behind, was towards the door. She lay on her back. Her left arm was across her breast. The other was stretched out at right

angles to the body. The palm of the right hand was turned up and was smeared with blood.

IN A POOL OF BLOOD

The body was in a pool of blood. The throat was cut clean across from ear to ear. The girl's clothing was in tatters and blood

It was only too evident that the unfortu-nate young woman had only been murdered after a desperate struggle, and that she had

died in defense of her nonor.

The room was turned topsy-turvy. Chairs were upset, the breakfast table, with some dishes still on it, was shoved up close to the wall, away from its usual place.

A BLOOD-STAINED ENIFE. The knife-box was on the floor and the cut-

lery scattered in every direction. The sharpest knife, the big one used to carve joints of beet, was found beside the dead girl's body. It was covered with blood up to the hilt. Judging from appearances the fatal blow on the neck had been struck while the brutal murderer held the girl in his arms on the settee, her head back across his left shoulder, his eyes glaring into her defiant ones, and the

huge knife sweeping through the air to the fair neck exposed. This is the opinion of every one who saw the body as it lay on the One end of the settee was soaked with

blood.
 'There," said a sightseer yesterday.
 'there is where the poor thing's head struck as she pirched forward after the villain jumped up, having finished his murderous

"And see, there is where the blood dripped down the side of the settee for the second she lay there before she fell on the

second she lay there before she is floor." said another. And then they show by the dark red stain on the floor where the girl had pitched for-ward in her death agony and sprawled upon

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

It was a nerve-wrecking spectacle. To the three men who saw it first it was a

terrifying one as well.

They drew away in horror from the crim-

Son-s ained cornse

Honing yet earing that the desperate murderer was still a out, the men started to search he house.

I carfully they went into the dark cellar first, the door of which stood open.

It had not been so, when Mr. Leconey and his hirad men went away in the morning. his hired men went away in the morning.

At the foot of the stairs lay a jaunty little straw hat. "She were that when we went out this morning," said Murray.

SEARCHING FOR THE MURDEREN.

A hurried search failed to find the mur-derer. The men then went upstairs to the second floor, which contains four bedrooms. Mr. Leconey went into his own bed-cham-ber force.

Here everything was in disorder, and at a

glance the men saw that the wretch had added robbery to his other crimes.

On the footboard of the bed were the old farmer's Sunday clothes, in the trousers of which he kept a bunch of keys to an old chest in which he stowed his ready cash.

The keys were not in the trousers, He found them in the lock of the chest.

The latter was found chopping an apple tree on the road to Start's.

ROBBERT, TOO. The chest was unlocked. He raised the lid and found that the marander had purloined nearly \$200 of his hoarded treasure. In his fright, though, he had overlooked about \$600 more which was on a tray in the bottom of the chest.

The men next visited the room of the murdend

The men next visited the room of the murdered woman, which was just across a half from Mr. Leconey's.

Here also was evidence in plenty of a hurried search for valuables.

The bedclothing was on the floor. Dress pockets were turned inside out and the dresses strewn about in the utmost confusion.

THE GIRL'S TRUNK BROKEN OPEN. The girl's trunk had been broken open.

aurderous robber not being able to find the keys. Here also the thief had overlooked rich booty.

In the bottom of the trunk was a bank book, between the leaves of which were \$426 and a promisory note for \$1,000.

About \$200 more in bills that had been in

the trunk were missing though.
Finding no trace of the murderer about the house Mr. Leconey and his triends hurried out to alarm the neighborhood.

THE VILLAGE ABOUSED. Lizzie O'Donneil had done that for them though, and very effectually, too, as from all quarters of the country-side 'armers and their wives and sons and daughters came hurrying to the scene of the crime.

Among the officials who were soon on the

Allong the officials who were soon on the scene were Coroner Stanton, Detectives Henry Warner and Gallagher of Camden; Detective Aar in Burro of Moorestown, County Clerk Edward Burrough, County Constables Naylor and Southard, and County Physician

Iszard.

The latter took charge of the body, and with the promptitude for which he is noted, immediately instituted an investigation. LOOKING FOR CLUES.

Farmer Chalkley Leconey, the owner of the farm and an uncle of the dead girl, was first examined.

He had little to tell, but that little was swallowed with avidity by the detectives and the country people around.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

Mr. Leconey said: Mr. Leconey said:
My man, Murray, and I had a hard day's
work before us in the canteloupe field to-day,
and we got up a little earlier than naual.

Annie had breakfast ready when we came
downstairs about 5 o'clock, and we ate by the
light of a lamp on the table. She was always a
cheerful, good girl, and she flitted about, helping us, and sang a hymn as she worked, and
her cheerfulness finally affected us, and we left
the house in good spirits, she still singing
bithely.

"How long past 5 o'clock was it when

"How long past 5 o'clock was it when you left the house?" asked Mr. Iszard.
The detectives pricked up their ears and listened intently for his reply.
The witness scratched his gray-haired head and stroked his withered chin, but finally said:
"Wal, now, I could not tell; could you, Murray?" Murray ?"

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY. No. Murray could not, and Leconey was about to be excused when Mr. Iszard thought of another question and then another, both of which Leconey answered and gave imporant in ormation

tant in ormation.

"Have you missed anything by which we could trace the murderer?"

"Wal, y.s. You see in the money he took from me there was a three-dollar gold piece which was punched."

The detectives made a note of this.

"Now is there any one you suspect of this

Now is there any one you suspect of this crime?" was the second question.
"Well, I am slow to biame anybody without reason, but I expected here, to work for me to-day. Frank Lingo, the co-ored man from 'Matchtown,' and the last thing I said to Annie was, 'Don't clear away the dishes; Frank will be along and may want his breakfast.' Now Lingo isn't here. Where

LINGO SUSPECTED. Lingo was suspected at once, of course, and the detectives hurried out of the house. They found Lingo at work on Frank F. Starr's farm, a short distance from Mr. Le-

conev's homestead. ABBESTED ON SUSPICION.

He was at once arrested, but accounts differ as to how he acted when the desectives told him he was wanted.

Some stories go that he turned nearly white and never asked what he was wanted for, but put his coat on and went along quietly with the detectives.

Others say that he had the bearing of an imposent man and rever moved until he was

innocent man, and never moved until he told of what he was suspected, when laughed and went along willingly to the farm-house where the dead body still lay upon the floor.

MADE TO FACE THE BODY. He was taken in and placed in such a posi-tion that he was forced to look full on the

He did so unconcernedly. He seemed to be the least affected one in the room. Some people took this as a sign of guilt.

He twirled his slouch hat in his hand and fumbled at a neckerchief that was tied loose-

ly about his black neck.

"Ah, a rope will go around there some day," said an angry farmer. A more impressive scene can scarcely be unagined.

HIS COAT TORN. The pegro's coat was torn and fraved. He was taken into Farmer Leconey's room nd there stripped by Mr. Iszard and Coroner Stanton for the purpose of examining his un-derwear for signs of blood, but none were

There were none on his finger nails or on any part of his flesh. "I AM INNOCENT OF THIS."

The negro underwent the ordeal non-halantly, and only remarked: "I am incent of this. occut of this."

He was questioned closely, and some damag-ng facts discovered in consequence, Briefly to:d. his statement was:

THE PRISONER'S STATEMENT. "I left home between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, and waked up 'Whiskey' road to Mr. Starr's, I arrived there about 6,40 o'clock. I told my wite I was going to work o'clock. I told my wite I was going to work at Mr. Sta r's. "I did not tell Mr. Murray vesterday that I would come to work for Mr. Leconey to-

day."
Murray swears he did. A visit was made to Lingo's home, a shabby sharry in Homestead ille, which the country people call "Matchtown."

CONTRADICTIONS. His wife said he had not told her he was going to work for Mrs. Starr.

Ques ioned again, Lingo admitted that he had not told his wife so.

The foreman of S arr's fa m corroborated The foreign of a first is in the time of his arrival at the farm to go to work.

Meantime the detectives had not been idle. Scouting about, they for ind on the banks of a small stream in the rear of the house foot-

prints in the soft soil. Lingo's shoes were taken off and fitted to actly, while others were about an inch too | one.

tree on the road to Siarr's.

He said that he had seen a colored man in the morning, but he could not say whether it was Lingo or not.

CONF JOTING TIME. He also added that the man he had seen came out of the wood leading from Mr. Leconev's place. He was positive it was past 7 o'ciock, though.

His Remains Viewed This Morning by Host of Friends.

ALL DO NOT THINK BIM GUILTY. Those who believe Lingo guilty think he left his home earlier than he says he did.

His wife, it was stated to an Evening World reporter who visited the scene of the crime yesterday, admitted that she was asleep when he went away in the morning.

There are many who believe the negro in

A DEPENSE. They say it would be impossible for him to leave his house, travel two miles to Mr. Leconey's house, commit the crime, return home, change his clothing, hide his cloodstained garments, and then reach Mr. Starr's place at the time it is proved he did.

During the minute investigation of the
case by The Evening World reporter yesterday the evidence seemed as much for as against the prisoner.

nocent.

A DAMAGING STATEMENT. After Lingo's arrest on Monday he was placed in a carriage to be taken to the county ail in Camden.

while driving down the pike the carriage was stopped by Mrs. Bridget Smith, who lives near Mr. Starr's place.

She said that Lingo had visited her home last Friday and attempted to assault her. He would have succeeded she deciated, but she had frightened him off with a carving knite. She also said that he had made attempts on other women in the neighborhood.

She did not state, however, why she had kept silence so long about her adventure.

LODGED IN JAIL. The negro was eafely lodged in jail, al-though many people feared he would be lynch don the way. There was still alk of lynching when The EVINING WOILD reporter reached the scene of the crime yesterday.

A TALE OF LYNCHING. So many brutal murders of a similar nature have been committed in New Jersey that the people feel as if a public example should be made of some one.

Lingo is said to be an ex-convict,

A MISSING SHIRT. An additional piece of evidence discovered by The Evening World man was that Lingo wore a blue striped shirt when he left home, but it had disappeared when he was arrested and could not be found yesterday.

He only wore an undershirt when arrested. Those who believe the negro guilty think that he buried the shirt and boots in the woods.

A posse of men dug the earth up and down

A posse of men dug the earth up and down all over the woods yesterday, but could find no trace of money or clothes.

The girl's body had been embalmed and the terrible wou d in the throat sewed up. She lay in a handsome coffin in the parlor of

her uncle's house. FUNERAL SERVICES THIS AFTERNOON. The funeral services will be held at the house this afternoon at 2 o'clock. To morrow her uncle will take the remains to the dead girl's home in Waverley, O., where her parents live. She was highly esteemed, modest and refined.

She left her home to attend house for an uncle Henry eight years ago. She wastwenty-Henry died about three months ago, and the present uncle Chalkley succeeded him. Annie filed a claim against her dead uncle's estate for seven years' service as house-keeper, and in consequence there has been much difficulty in settling the estate.

ANOTHER ARREST. A stray colored man was arrested at the Merchantville Jockey Club track yesterday on suspicion of being the murderer, but he was able to account minutely for his actions, his assertions were proven correct and he

was discharged.

This shows at least that the authorities are not at all sure that Lingo is the guilty party and the case bids fair to become a mystery which will rival the murder of Tillie Smith

which will rival the murder of Tillie Smith in interest.

The Coroner's inquest was begun yesterday, but will not be be considered before traday. The jurors are: Edward Burrough, David M. Sourhard. William J. Lideincott, Thomas Roberts, Athert G. Eastlack, Joseph H. Wilkins, Irvine C. Heatty, Walter P. Blackwood, Hugh Lafferty, John D. Courter, William D. Brown, Thomas E. Bradbury, William Zanes.

They are representative men of the county.

A host of de ectives A host of de ectives are searching the locality for evidence against the alleged murderer, or clues to another who may prove the

LEON ABBETT VERY HAPPY.

Congratulations on His Unanimous Nomination for Governor of New Jersey. Ex-Gov. Leon Abbett is the recipient to-day of numerous congratulations from hosts of Democrats upon his unanimous nomination, by acclamation, for Governor of New Jersey. Mr. Abbett is very cheerful and says he is con-

fident of success. There was a semblance of noise made at the Democratic Convention at Trenton yesterday by Democratic Convention at Frenton yesterday by "kickers" from Hudson County, under the leadership of Judgo Rankin, of Jersey City, but the "kickers" smothered their feelings and held a little side-issue convention at Temper-ance Hail after the Convention proper. They will decide what action to take Friday night, when another meeting will be held at Jersey City.

when another meeting will be held at Jersey City.

The platform adopted by the Convention reaffirms the National Democratic platform of 1888 and the State platform of 1884; inclures Gov. Green's administration; warns the pecule against the menacing evils from bribery at the polis, which elected the last National Republican ticket; denounces the Republican attempt in the last Legislature to impose a reneral State tax; demands a strict enforcement of the children's employment laws; piedges emouragement to the State's agricultural and industrial interests; favors profer legislation for workingmen; demands reform in municipal expenditures and favors a revision of the State election laws that will guarantes voters the greatest possible secreey in casting ballots.

Divorced from "Lewis the Light." Mrs. Sarah J. Greenslade, better known as the wife of " Lewis the Light," has been granted a grounds that during their thirteen years of married life he has contributed intic or nothing to her support and that of her three children, who are few twelve, nice and an years old. She has supported herself by working as a parber. Justice Cuile., of Brooklyn, granted the decree, with 85 a week alimony. decree of separation from her husband on the

Hot Election Contest at Rockaway. Far Rockaway has just come out of the throes of an exciting election for President of the vil-

lage, Treasurer, Collector and Trustees, To-day the votes were counted and the ticket the soft soil.

MEASURING FOOTPRINTS.

shoes were taken off and fitted to in the mud. Some matched exiting a found of the successful by a large majority, Judge Andrew J. White's ticket was the defeated

Congressman Cox's House the Mecca of a Sad Pilgrimage.

Host of Friends.

Statesmen of Both Parties Send Their Condolences.

Letter-Carriers Foremost in Tributes to Their Dead Friend.

A heavy draping of creme depending from the bell-pull of the grand, old-tashioned brown-stone house, 13 East Twelfth street, towards which the thoughts of most New Yorkers and thousands of other people have been turned the past few days, told the passer by this morning that the soul of Samuel Sullivan Cox had passed away.

Ten hours before his death he talked vigor. ously of his Congressional plans, and even after he had begun to be enveloped by the shallows of the valley of death when asked if he knew the black face that was bending over him he smiled just a little indignantly and lifting his kindly hand passed it affec tionately over the bended face.

poor fellow went away with irrepressible tears in his eyes.

Mr. Cox became unconscious at 8.10, and life left his body at 8.40 o'clock from peritonitis.

High Tide. It was his faithful colored servant, and the

life left his body at 8.40 o'clock from peritonitis.

This morning Nicholas Kearney opened the door to an Evening World reporter. There were tears in the broken voice of Mr. Kearney as he gave these facts to the reporter, for, like all others who came personally in contact with Mr. Cox. Mr. Kearney felt that he had sustained the loss of a dear friend.

A plain cloth-covered cedar casket—plain like the man whose temporal body rested in it—contained all that remained of the dead man. It was still in the second floor, rear chamber, in which Mr. Cox died, but was taken later to the parlor below, where many friends, sequaintances and admirers paid their respects to the dead.

The face of the dead. Congressman was very natural, and looked as if in peaceful repose.

Mrs. Cox, who had not left the bedside of

Mrs. Cox, who had not left the bedside of her husband for forty-eight hours, was taking needed rest. She was completely prostrated, her mental and physical powers being quite exhausted.

Among the callers since Mr. Cox's death there were none more sympathetically moved or sincerely grieved than the members of a delegation of New York letter-carriers who, having been apprised of the death of the man who had done so much for them, visited the house at 10'clock this morning.

Among the callers during the forenoon were Mrs. John Kelly, Edward Cahill, James M. Seyme ur, Supt. Whalen, of the Barge Office, Posimaster Van Cott, Eugene Durnin and James T. Kearney.

Letters of sympathy and condolence written while yet the writers knew only that Mr. Cox was ill and telegrams sent after the

Mr. Cox was ill and telegrams sent after the news of his death had been voiced abroad have been arriving all day. Among the senders were Gen. William Te-emusch Sherman, Congressman Baker, of

Minneson's Vice-President Morton, ex-Minister Straus, who succeeded Mr. Cox at Constantinople; the letter-carriers of Washington, George B. McClellan, jr., Congressman Charles O Neill, of Philadelphia, who served on the Republican side contemporaneously with Mr. Cox for many years, and Mrs. N. J. Kearney.

Kearney.
Congress O'Neill's telegram of condolence dated this morning said: "Your good hus-band was my long time friend."
This despatch came from Washington:

The letter-carriers of Washington desire to press their intense solicitude for the recovery Mr. Cox. His lifetime devoted to their inter-its has endeared him to every man that wears LETTER-CARRIERS, Washington, D. C.

Congressman Baker's telegram was as follows:

Sr. Paul., Minn., Sept. 11.

Mns. S. S. Cox: I have heard with profound regret of the death of your beloved and noble hashand, my esteemed friend, the country illustrious citizen, an able statesman, a useful and ma link links public man, an honest servant of the people, has failen. May he who rules all things lighten the blow to the faithful and loving companion of a long and useful life.

Lewis Bager.

Gen. Sherman, writing yesterday, says: Gen. Sherman, writing yesterday, says:

My Dean Mas. Cox: I notice with alarm the
reports about your inseband's health. I would
call in person only I know he nor you need anything more than what I now earnestly tender—
the assurance of my great affection and readiness to respond to the call of Dr. Wynkicou it
can render any service. I hope and pray that he
will seen be himself again; a regular Summer
Sunbeam to his immense crowd of admirers.
Affectionately.

W. T. Shermas.

And the class was written westerday, while

And this also was written yesterday, while And this also was written yealering, while yet there was hope:

Vice-President's Chamber, Washington,
My Dean Mus. Cox: I beg you will allow me to include upon your thoughts in this moment of your great sorrow to express the heartfelt sympathy of an old friend, olleague in Congress and admirer of the many noble qualities of your effect insidand. gifted instand.

I am just leaving for Washington as the sad
anews reacher me, or I should call to offer my
services in any way in which you might command them. Believe me, dear Mrs. Cox, very
sincerely yours.

I. P. Monros.

Min ster Straus's letter was couched as follows:

42 Warmen Street, Sept. 10, 1889.

Dear Mus. Cox: Mrs. Straus and I are deeply grieved to learn of the serious illness of Mr. Cox. We hope and trust he may recover, as he has done before. We feel sincere sympathy with and for you, and wish we could contribute to his steedy recovery and to lessen your cares and anyeties.

anxielles.

I called at the house this morning.

Out prayers are with you.

O. S. Strats. Mrs. Cox's trother, T. J. Buckingbam, of Zanesville, O., arrived this morning and there are a the house Mrs. J. hi Hardenbergh, Miss. Furkington, J. T. Sexton, Secretary Hirschfield and N. J. Kearney.

No final arrangements for the obsequies have been made, but the body has been embalmed, and it is probable that on Fr day it will be taken to Dr. Haran's First Press, ceram Chingle, where public services will be

terian Chu ch, where pullic services will be held, after which it will be consigned tempo-rarily to a vault at Greenwood Cometery. The family has not yet decided whether to make the final interment at Greenwood or at the old Ohio home of Mr. Cox.
Sergeant at Arms Leedom of the House of
Represent tives was notified of Mr. Cox's
death at night and the family are awaiting the action of Mr. Cox's colleagues.

CORBOLS All Tobacco CIGARETTES and CIGARROS. "."

'89's Banner September Cyclone Makes More Havoc.

Howling Along the Shore at 32-Mile an Hour Pace.

More Damage Done To-Day at Manhattan Beach.

Houses Blown Down, Boats Wrecked and Railroad Tracks Flooded.

The cyclone is still with us, though the iolence of old ocean has somewhat abated. It has wrought havoc all along the Atlantic saboard, and may wreak almost as much damage in the immediate vicinity to-day as it did yesterday and the day before.

Signal Service officers can make out, is the same one which recently visited the West Indies, wiping out lives and towns throughout its path. Leaving the Indies, it swept out to sea, and its doings ou the heaving ocean have yet to be chronicled. That its severity was not felt as much in this vicinity as it was away down in the islands is probably due to the fact that much of its force was spent and divided during its

It is a verit ble cyclone, and as far as the

rip across the sea. . SERGT, DUNN'S REPORT. Weather Clerk Dunn told an Evening

Weather Clerk Dunn told an Evernso was still at work and doing as much mischief probably as it did yesterday.

"Because," said he, "it is just as bad as it was twenty-four hours ago."

"When will it let up?" asked the reporter.

"To-night, perhaps, but I do not expect clear, fair weather before to-morrow."

"Are you sure we will have it then?"

"The indications was any at they are my

"The indications say so, and they are my cospel," he answered, with a smile. AT ITS HEIGHT AT 1 A. M. The cyclone reached its height at 1 o'clock this morning in this vicinity, when the wind tore slong at the rate of for:y-one miles an

STILL A THIRTY-TWO-MILE WIND. It swept through the town at a thirty-six-mile-an-hour guit at daybreak this morning, but at 10 o'clock was jogging along thirty-two miles eyery sixty minutes.

At Block Island it fore things, going a mile

a minute at midnight, but this morning had reduced its speed to forty-eight miles an The storm was situated just as it was yesterday. That is to say, central over the At-lantic coast from Norfolk, Va., north to Eastport, Me. The rainfall did not amount to much.

There is a cold wave starting in the Northwest, and Sergt. Dunn says we may know how it feels in a few days. THE SURP NOT SO HIGH. He also declared this morning that the surf

was not as heavy as it was yesterday, and that the water in the North and East rivers were at least a foot and a half lower than yesterday.

Nearly three numbers test of plana-asia in front of the test End baths are missing, and several bath-houses stid down the beach and went out to sea during the night. WEST STREET STILL PLOODED. His statements were doubted along West

street, where every cellar from Washington Market down to pier 1 on the west side was full of water, which scemed to be gradually In the slips between the wharves a man could stand on the stringpiece and stick his ambrella tip in the green-hued water without

wending his back.
West street was a little world of land and water all in uself.

People crossed from land to land, but in-stead of ships and trains they used the loco-motion nature provided them with in travelling from one place to another. PUMPING OUT THE CELLARS.

Donkey engines were at work at various

points along the way pumping out cellars, subway excavations and foundations for new buildings. DEBRIS AT THE DOCKS. Debris of every character choked the slips between the docks, and rose and tell with the swell of the tide. Capt. Smith's pet, the police boat Patrol, lay at the pier and her keel was almost on a level with the dock. The officers thought the tide was just as high as it was yesterday

The rain was falling in a dismat sort of way The rain was falling in a dismat sert of way and everything in the vicinity of Battery Park looked dreuched and miserable.

The State in Feand ferry companies boats were making regular trips, but they might as well step running as the storm has just parameters.

Portions of the wooden payllion on the per were carried down the coast as far as the new man moth hotel and swept up on to the There were no stories of wrecks or ruin to be gleaned at the Barge Office, as the wires were still hors do combat,

DOUTH STREET IMPERILLED. Up along South street, on the East River side, ships at docks were floating on a tide so high that it seemed as if they would be sent as ore every minute.

Longshoremen, with old bags and pieces of rubber cloth about their shoulders, stood in doorways or on street corners and cursed

the storm. Few ships were arriving, and they had Wives and children at home wanted bread,

perhaps, and they may be excused for their wild waits against the elements.

Cellars all along the street were full of water, to the ground floor nearly, and only in a few instances were attempts being made to bail them out. The street was strewn with refuse, thrown there vesterday by the engry waters, and a bad smell was beginning to become familiar in the neighborhood.

PERRY-BOAT DIFFICULTIES. The same may be said of West street. Landings from all ferry boats were made with difficulty, and the situation of affairs was but little better than yesterday. The Iron Steamboat Company sent no boats to Coney Island this morning, and will not until the storm has spent its force.

YACRY CLUBS SUFFER. The Derby Winner T kas Also the Great

The high tide played havoc along the banks of the East and Harlem rivers in Harlem last night. The cellars of the houses lying east of First avenue, from Harlem Bridge to the Astoria ferry at Ninety-sixth street, were all flooded, and the water, backing up in the sewers, flooded some cellars as far back as Third avenue.

The Harlem, Yorkville and Knickerbocker Yacht Clubs were badly damaged. Of eight yachts anchored off Randal's Island but one, the Peerless, managed to outride the storm. The others were blown from their moorings. A steam launch, owned by J. S. Simmers, was picked up by the tide, carried over the sea wall in front of the club-house and thrown forty feet up the shore into the yard among a l tof debris.

Two yachts, belonging to the Yorkville Club, were blown away during the night, and several of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club's boats were carried ashore at Port Morris.

DAMAGE AT CONEY ISLAND.

MORE RUIN WROUGHT, BUT THE WATER IS SUBSIDING.

The waves still poured furiously over Manhattan Beach this morning, as if determined to create more havoc. WRECK OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.

and amphitheatre, that all day yesterday tottered and swayed under the combined It was so completely wrecked that hardly a whole board could be found in the pile. Supt. Mctt. of the Manhattan Bathing Company, saw the immense structure fall.

This morning the huge bathing pavilion

"It was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. We had been expecting it to fall every minute of the day, but the storm had abated so much that we thought that it might probably 'e saved."

"An immeuse wave came sweeping in washed under the structure with irresistible force, lift ng the end fronting seaward, then

he said:

Crowds of curious people wandered along the shore, view ng the scenes of desolation that Old Ocean is responsible for. THE ORIENTAL MENACED. The lawn in front of the Oriental is slowly but surely melting away. The waves have destroyed the tuge caissons, which, it was supposed, would withstand any attack that

as the wave receded the structure tottered and fell."

supposed, would withstand any attack that Neptune would make upon it.

The tide is not as high to-day by several feet as it was last night, and the wind, blowing off shore, is slowly but surely reducing the size of the big waves.

The billows are still of great size, however, and every now and then clouds of spray dash up in front of the Manhattan Beach Hotel.

Below Manha tan the two stations of the Marine Railway are s ill standing. A score of men are at work tearing up the tracks and moving the cars to a place of safety. They will run no more trains this year. BRIGHTON HOTEL CLOSED.

NO MORE MARINE TRAINS.

The Hotel Brighton is closed, but the bar and restaurant will remain open until bun-day, to a commodate several parties who have engaged to d ne.

No further damage was done there during
the night. An immense pile of wreckage
marks the spot occupied by the old tathing
pavilion. The lawn in front of the hotel
looks clear this morning and the damage done have engaged to d ne.

the terrible force of the waves was most The concret small bits, an The concete paved drive is broken into small bits, and it now looks as though a huddred coal carts had emptied their loads there.
At West Brighton the damage is

scarcely an inch falling since it first came to than at any other point from a delar and cents point of view. The beach is littered with wreckage, and the remans of candy. eabut, sausage, photographic and restaurant ooths are mixed up in picturesque con-Nearly three bundred feet of plank-walk in

> AT FAR ROCKAWAY. The situation at Far Rockaway is worse to day than vesterday. No trains whatever could be run by way of Arvenie-by-the-Sea, and no trains were run from Rockaway towards Far nockaway farther than Valley

When an Evening World reporter arrived on the scene this morning he found Craig's place considerably damaged and the White House entirely annihilated. The water is undermining the Tackapousha Hotel and has approached to within thirty feet of the United States Hotel.

Old Tom's bathing houses are entirely gone, and he himself nearly loss his life in

attempting to cross the inlet in a boat. He was rescued, with difficulty, by two men who rowed out o him.
Hog Island is practically no more. The sluiceway that formed yesterday has since developed into a small ocean that has submerged the entire is and.

EOCKAWAY'S PAVILION GONE. The iron pier at Rockaway Beach withstood the sterm fairly well until a ter midnight, when all the upper portion, including the pavilion and flooring, was torn away by the waves and drifted out to sea. Then the mountains of water began the work of destriction out he iron superstructure, tearing away at the outer iron posts, braces and arrowers and making the structure street.

DEVASTATION ON THE JERSET COAST

Fascingers who came in this morning on the 2.18 train of the Pennsylvania road, from Long Branch, Sea Girt and the Jersey shore said the Jersey coas, was a scene of sails. Three or four sesside hotels, between Bay Point and Toms River, were reported to have been under by the waves and to be in imminent danger of total destruction.

Conductor Headly, who came up on the train, said the storm was the greatest be had seen on the Jersey coast in eight years. The high tide had come up the inlet at Squan and PRICE ONE CENT.

2 O'CLOCK.

St. Leger Stakes.

He Was the Favorite in a Field of

Mr. Gretton's Miguel and Davenport Second and Third.

Twelve.

INT CARLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION ! LONDON, Sept. 11 .- The 114th race for the St. Leger, over Doncaster Town Moor, has been lost and won. The result is another triumph for the great and almost unconquered Donovan. The race is a sweepstakes for three-year-olds at £25 each, the second to have £200 and the third £100 out of the stakes.

The distance one mile, six furlongs and 132 Colts to carry 126 and fillies 123 pounds. Of the 204 subscribers to that stake, which

closed Sept. 30, 1887, twelve ran.

The Duke of Portland's colt Donovan, by efforts of wind and wave, was a mass of ruins. Galopin, out of Mowerina, by Scottish Chief, was a hot favorite and the winner. Mr. J. Gretton's brown colt Miguel, by Fer-nander, out of Crenn Cheese, was second. Lord Bradford's bay colt Davenport, by Chip-pendale, third.

To an Evening World reporter this morning The career of Donovan up to date is as follows:

Donovan is entered for the Manchester Plate of £12,000, to be run at seven juriongs on the 21st inst., which looks to be at his mercy.

He Has Conquered New Tribes and Established a Government

LONDON, Sept. 11,-A report has been received in Brussels from the Congo that Stanley has conquered all the tribes of the country lying to the castward of the Albert Nyanza.

Stanley, having completed their subjugation, established a government. He left Emin Pasha in charge as Governor of the new province. At last accounts he was marching with his

victorious force for Mombassa, on the cast His arrival at Zanzibar may be expected be

fore long.

SHE IS AN UNKNOWN. No Clue to the Identity of the Twelfth

Whitechapel Victim.

INY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.] London, Sept. 11 .- An inquest was held to-day on the body of the woman found in Backchurch laue, Whitechapel.

fication of the corpse. A list of unfortunate women missing during the past fortnight was produced by the police, but it could not be ascertained that the subject of the inquest was one of them. Nor has the sinclow of a clue to the perpe-erator of the butchery been discovered.

Nothing was elicited going to the identi-

As hitherto the detectives are at a stand-atill and know not where to hunt except in the immediate vicinity of the place where the body was found.

The people are indignant that another crime of the Whitechapel type should have been committed and the perpetrator have escaped.

The inhabitants of the East End propose to

hold a meeting to express their opinion on The Storm's Work in New Haven.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] New Haven, Conn., Sept. 11.-Last night's torm threw together the electric and telephone wires on top of the Yale Bank Euilding and caused a disastrous fire.

Hundress of wires leading into the central relephons office are down and the city's telephone communication is shut off.

Abusing His Child's Dead Body.

ASBLAND. Pa., Sept. 11.—Enanuel Moore returning home drunk after a protracted spree. and finding his dead child's body in an ice-box, quarrelled with his wife about the coffin and kicked over the box, throwing the little corpse upon the floor. He was arrested and, after a violent struggle, locked up.

Daniel McCort, of 213 East Twenty-eighth treet, who was shot by John McCluskey in a pistol duel on Third avenue last Tuesday merning, flatly denies the statement of Police Capt. Byan that he is a tough man of the Twenty-first ward or that he has ever been locked up. He again the is a hard-working man and has never had any ambition to be considered a "tough."